THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending Literature, Criticism, Men and Manners, Amusement, Elegant Extracts, Poetry, Anecdotes, Biography, Meteorology, the Drama, Arts and Sciences, Wit and Satire, Fashions, Natural History, &c. &c. forming a handsome Annual Volume, with an Index and Title-page.—*Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Literary and Fashionable Advertisements.*—Regular supplies are forwarded weekly to the Agents, viz.

LONDON—Sherwood & Co. Booksellers; E. Marlborough, Newsvender; *Ashborne, Derb.*—W. Hoon; *Ashton*—T. Cunningham; *Bilston*, S. Bassford; *Birmingham*—R. Wrightson *Bolton*—Kell; Brandwood; *Blackburn*—T. Rogerson; *Bradford*—J. Stanfield; *Burnley*—T. Sutcliffe; *Burslem*—S. Brougham; *Bury*—J. Kay; *Carlisle*—J. Jollie; *Chester*—R. Taylor; *Chorley*—R. Parker; *Clitheroe*—H. Whalley; *Colne*—H. Earnshaw; *Congleton*—J. Parsons; *Dublin*—De Jonecourt and Co. Genrl. Post-office; and the Booksellers. *Denbigh*—M. Jones; *Doncaster*—C. & J. White; *Durham*—Geo. Andrews; *Ellesmere*—W. Baugh; *Glasgow*—Robertson & Co. *Halifax*—R. Simpson; ——N. Whitley; *Hanley*—T. Allbut; *Haslingden*—J. Read; *Huddersfield*—T. Smart; *Hull*—J. Perkins; *Kendal*—M. & R. Branthwaite; *Kirkby-Lonsdale*—J. Foster; *Lancaster*—J. Miller; *Leeds*—H. Spink; *Manchester*—Silburn & Co.; J. Fletcher; T. Sowler; and B. Wheeler; *Macclesfield*—P. Hall; *Mottram*—R. Wagstaff; *Nantwich*—E. Jones; *Newcastle-under-Lyme*—J. Mott; *Newcastle-u.-Tyne*—S. Humble; ——Charnley; ——Gibbourne; *Northwich*—G. Fairhurst; *Nottingham*—C. Sutton; *Oldham*—The Postmaster; *Ormskirk*—W. Garside; *Oswestry*—W. Price; *Penrith*—J. Shaw; *Prescot*—A. Ducker *Preston*—P. Whittle; ——I. Wilcockson; *Rochdale*—J. Hartley; *Sheffield*—T. Orton; *Shrewsbury*—C. Hulbert; *Southport*—W. Garside; *Stoke*—R. C. Tomkinson; *St. Helen's*—I. Sharp; *Stockport*—J. Dawson; *Stockport*—T. Clare; *Ulverston*—J. Soulby; *Wakefield*—Mrs. Hurst; *Warrington*—J. Harrison *Welchpool*—R. Owen; *Whitchurch*—R. Parker; *Wigan*—Lyon and Co.; ——J. Brown; *Wrexham*—J. Painter; *York*—W. Alexander.

No. 214.—Vol. V. TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1824. Price 3½d.

The Philanthropist.

THE LATE MR. BOWDICH'S FAMILY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Among the various appeals, which from time to time have been made to the sympathy and liberality of the public, I recollect none which appears to me more deserving of prompt attention than that now made in behalf of the late Mr. Bowdich's family. I say *prompt* attention, inasmuch as this is one of those cases which admits of no delay on the part of the charitable. The old adage says, "Live well, and thou livest twice;" so on such occasions as this present we may perhaps say, "Give promptly, and thou givest twice."

I do not wish to trespass on your columns, by recapitulating what has already been said on this interesting subject in the various papers; I merely would deduce therefrom a few observations, with the hope of some little further attracting the public notice. A young and accomplished female suddenly bereft of all her earthly hopes and prospects, and left *totally destitute* with a dependant family of three young orphan children,—can there, though a distressing, be a more interesting picture? But it is not simply thus that our interest is excited. Our compassion is further moved, and withal our sincere respect elicited, by the reflection that this unfortunate lady was, during the life time of her husband, a perfect pattern of conjugal devotedness—the promoter of his various schemes and undertakings—the almost constant companion of his travels and his toils, and the unwearied assistant of his numerous literary and scientific labours; and now, in her widowhood, expressing nothing further than the laudable wish to devote her talents to such pursuit as may best obtain for her a respectable subsistence, and enable her to bring up her helpless family in a manner that may be worthy of the "noble and generous soul which is now with its Creator."

Meetings have been held in various parts of the kingdom to do honour to the late Mr. Watt. May the same spirit which prompted this, impel the public to stretch forth a helping hand in the present distressing case. As zealously arduous as that celebrated individual was, in the advancement of science, and with it the promotion of the interests and the renown of his country, Mr. Bowdich, though pursuing a different path, had, like him, given up his whole soul to the noble end he had in view. Desarts, burning-sands, encountering the most savage hordes of the most uncivilized quarter of the habitable globe, deterred him nothing from the object of his enthusiastic pursuit. Cheered by the smile of her who almost ever was near and assisting him, and his heart constantly buoyant with the laudable enterprize he had in view, he dreamt not of danger, but looked forward with exultation to the day, though perhaps distant, when his arduous efforts might be crowned with complete success. But, alas! unlike in his fortunes to the great man alluded to, in place of going, like him, to his grave, full of years and honours, after reaping the emoluments and the rewards due to a long life, successfully devoted to the interests of science and literature, and consequently to the good of his country and his fellow-men, this enterprising traveller was cut off at the premature age of thirty, amid the very blossoming of his hopes and expectations; and his little all being necessarily gone, leaving behind him an amiable and afflicted family, with nothing which they could call their own, save the tears which they shed upon his grave.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Islington, July 29, 1824. L. L.

Men and Manners.

THE CHAPEL ON THE SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE, BY L. MAN, OF LIVERPOOL.
Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.

[*Continued from our last.*]

At last she perceived that she was in Dalmatia, and the sight of the Adriatic sea had a powerful effect upon her, because she had never before left the interior; and she was so forcibly struck by the grand spectacle of so vast a body of water, that she quite forgot her situation. Not far from Ragusa she reached an old castle, on a steep rock, which belonged to her husband, and was then only inhabited by an old steward, and innumerable flocks of rooks and owls; this was to be her residence. She shuddered as she drove through the court-yard, which was overgrown with grass; and when the old clock struck the hour, she fancied she heard the tolling of a funeral bell.

A male-servant, of a most ferocious mien, had travelled on the out-side, and he now gave the steward a written instruction; the latter read it in silence, and then looked for a bunch of keys; and having scraped the rust from them, applied them to the doors, which creaked upon their hinges when he opened them. Damp marble stairs led to some old-fashioned, dilapidated rooms, in which the Baroness requested to be left alone, as soon as the necessary arrangements for her accommodation were made. The gloominess of the abode suited her feelings, but she refrained from yielding to them in the presence of her keepers. She wept bitterly when they had left her; but her frame was so exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, that sleep closed, at last, her weary eye-lids; although the howling of the wind among the old towers disturbed her with frightful dreams, and awoke her before day-break. She arose with the first dawn, and looked through the window, which presented to her a view of the water. The majesty of the rising sun inspired her with renewed confidence in the Creator of the universe, and she threw herself on her knees, to implore for protection in her misfortune, and for strength to bear it. She derived much comfort from her devotion, and began to think of the manner in which she was to spend her time. There were no books on the premises, and writing materials were denied to her: but she knew how to make little baskets of rushes, and rosaries of corals, which were got in the neighbourhood: she collected shells and curious stones; she fed the young swallows under her window; or she watched the gambols of the sea-gulls.

A daily walk on the shore was permitted to her, and she did not neglect to profit by this indulgence; although the witch of Endor, or her equally amiable male companion, never failed to be close to her heels. Fortunately, however, they became tired of watching her so closely, when they saw that there was no occasion for it. The old woman had brought some fits of rheumatism upon herself by her frequent visits to the shore; and the dissolute footman suffered more from the confinement to a small spot than his mistress; he spent, therefore, most of his time in the taverns of Ragusa.

One day the Baroness had gone rather further than usual, and she perceived it with terror, when a loup clap of thunder made her think of home. She made what haste she could; but, on account of the deep sand, she had often to stop and recover her breath. The storm drew nearer and nearer; but her alarm was still more increased by the figure of a man, who had his face wrapped up in his mantle, and who seemed to be very anxious to come up with her. She began to run, but was unable to continue; and when she looked behind her, she saw that the man was likewise running: her knees trembled, and terror deprived her of the power to move: she sank down, on a rock, at the moment that her pursuer overtook her; and, immediately after, Robert lay at her feet.

She thought that the lightning must have struck her, so completely was she overcome by her terror, and she stared at the man without being able to stir. Some large drops of rain, which fell upon her face, brought her a little to her recollection. Robert lay still extended on the ground, and embraced her knees: he spoke not—he only sighed and sobbed: it was to her that female pride imparted the power of first finding words.

"What do you seek here?" she exclaimed: "are you come to feast on my misery?"—"Listen to me," he replied: "I am innocent." At the same moment, the croaking voice of Mrs. Brigitta was heard at a distance; Robert concealed himself behind a rock, and the Baroness went to meet her. She brought an umbrella, and scolded the Baroness for having extended her walk so far. Fortunately, she had to hold the umbrella straight before her, and was thereby prevented from looking about. Louisa reached her room in the most violent emotion: the words, "*I am innocent*," which she was so willing to believe, rang continually in her ears. "It must be so," she said, "for what else could engage him to visit me in this desert? What would he care for my fate, if that horrible letter had been actually written by him?" She waited anxiously for the next day, and looked at the sky in every direction, in the apprehension that the state of the weather might prevent her from taking the usual walk; not that she would have been afraid of braving even the most pelting storm, but because it would create suspicion if she offered to go out at an unseasonable time. Besides, she could not conceal from herself that it was giving

Robert a positive meeting, although nothing had been agreed on the subject. She considered a long time, whether it was proper or not for her to afford any facilities for an explanation; and, in order to reflect more quietly, she went earlier than usual to the sea-side, resolving to return if Robert should present himself before she had come to any conclusion: but he came so unexpectedly and suddenly, from behind a rock, that there was no avoiding him.

"In the name of mercy!" he began, "hear my justification: we have been both most shamefully misled. Before I had ever seen you, I had been intimate with Madame Wickenfeld. She was young, handsome, vain, and a coquette. She distinguished me from the crowd of her admirers, and I felt flattered; but this lasted only until I met you. I then freed myself from the net, and you know what was said at the Dorothea-stone. My heart misgave me at that time; but the artful woman knew so well how to conceal her real feelings, she counterfeited generosity so cunningly, and appeared so entirely divested of selfishness, that she won my confidence, and made me actually believe in the possibility of her enjoying the happiness of others. I saw with what sisterly affection she accompanied all your steps, I heard her daily speak of you in raptures, and we owed her so many happy hours, that all my suspicions were lulled asleep. She appeared, indeed, on some occasions to doubt your attachment for me, and she pointed out to me some slight marks of levity in you which had escaped my attention; but all was said in the good-natured tone of friendship, and even her remarks on the smallness of your fortune seemed but to originate in her extreme anxiety for our welfare. It was only after our separation that her attempts at making me jealous became more direct and daring. She pretended to regret, most bitterly, that the duties of friendship imposed upon her the irksome and painful task of informing me of the real state of my prospects, by telling me how much you indulged in all the fashionable follies of the day, and how highly you relished the amusements which were offered to you. With every post she furnished me with some fresh proofs of her sincerity and your faithlessness; but it was *with the greatest reluctance* that she did it. In this manner she worked upon my passions until she had brought me to the resolution of resigning my claims. I discontinued writing to you, and remained also for a considerable time without hearing any thing from you, until I received your last letter, which I took for an absolute mockery; since Madame Wickenfeld wrote, at the same time, that you had long lived in the most intimate connexion with the Baron, and that the consequences of your intercourse required a speedy marriage. Thence my mad declaration. A few months afterwards my elder brother was killed in a duel, and my father died of grief. I became heir of the estate, and hastened home, where I found a letter of Madame Wickenfeld to my late father, which was dated from Carlsbad, and in which she informed him of our love, and advised him to remove me with the utmost expedition, representing you as the most dangerous person with whom I could possibly be connected. I should have doubted the existence of such abominable duplicity if the proof had not been so very clear; and I need not tell you what where my feelings when I thought of yours, and of the misery which my blindness had brought upon us both. As soon as I found myself at all able to connect my ideas, I resolved to see you once more,—to withdraw, in silence, if I should find you happy, or to free you from bondage, if I should find you to be the victim of tyranny.

[*To be continued.*]

MR. JEFFREY'S SPEECH

At the late Meeting in Edinburgh to contribute to the Monument in honour of the late Mr. Watt.

"It is with pain that we find ourselves called upon, so soon after the loss of Mr. Playfair, to record the decease of another of our illustrious countrymen, and one to whom mankind has been still more largely indebted—Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine.

"This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have 'gathered all its fame.' We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

"It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle, in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

"This will be the fame of Watt with future generations, and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged,—who lived in his society, and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information,—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense,—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting;—such was the copiousness, the precision, and admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with the most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of German poetry.

"His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened, that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous accounts of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals,—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

"It is needless to say, that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk,—at least in his later years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine which they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustible stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one can be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information, which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized, accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful,—though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

"In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw

him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or instructive than in his last visit to Scotland, in the Autumn of 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary, and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83rd year.

"This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without a pang or struggle,—and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!

"He was twice married, but has left no issue but one son, long associated with him in his business and studies, and two grandchildren by a daughter who predeceased him. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and one of the few Englishmen who were elected members of the National Institute of France. All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, even upon the pretenders to these accomplishments, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died, we verily believe, without a single enemy."

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewel thy husbandry, do what thou can."

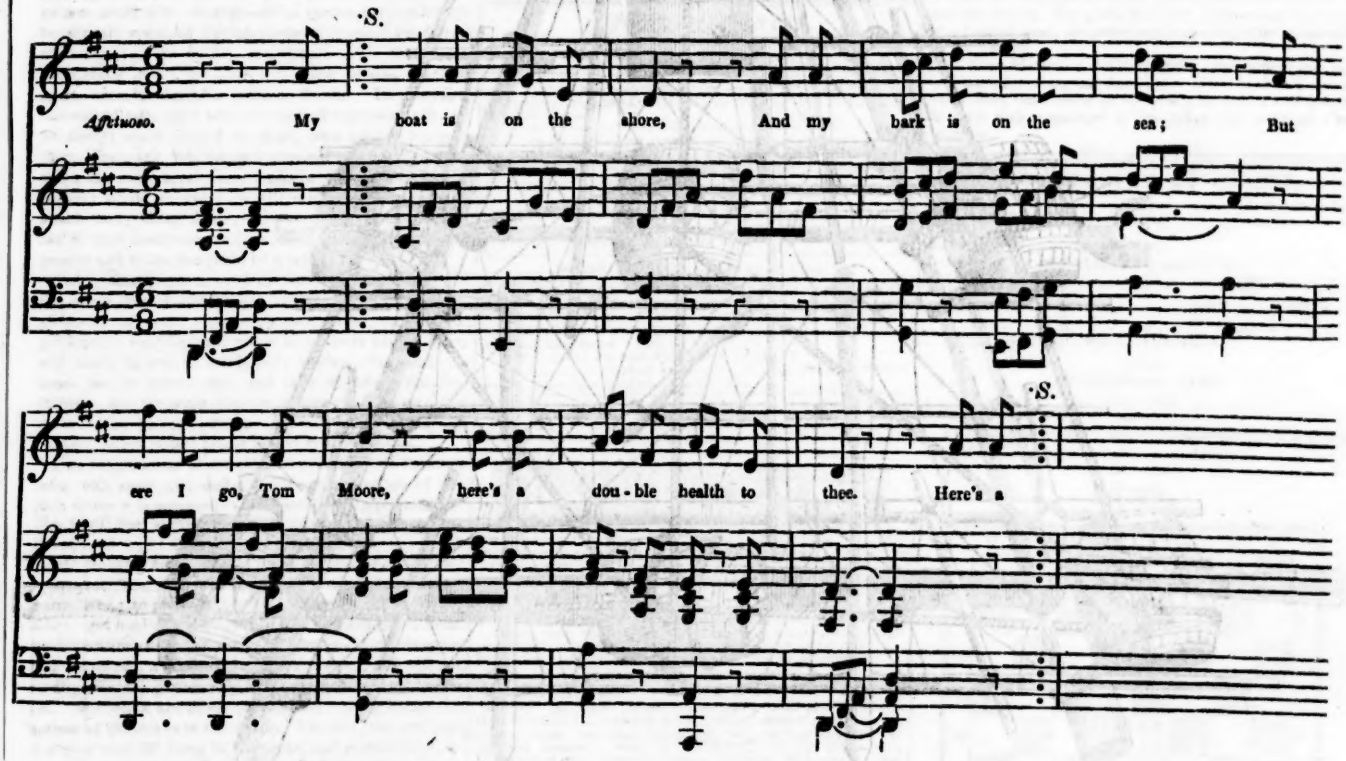
Compound Wine.—An excellent compound wine may be made from red, white, and black currants, ripe cherries, and raspberries, well bruised, and mixed with soft water, in the proportion of four pounds of fruit to one gallon of water. When strained and pressed, three pounds of moist sugar are to be added to each gallon of liquid. After standing open for three days, during which it is to be stirred frequently, it is to be put into a barrel, and left for a fortnight, to work, when a ninth part of brandy is to be added, and the whole bunged down. In a few months it will be most excellent wine.—*Economist.*

A new and expeditious Method of milking Cows.—I have had the satisfaction of witnessing, in presence of a number of gentlemen, a cow evacuating the whole of her milk by the following simple contrivance:—A rye straw was introduced into the orifice of each teat, through which the milk flowed spontaneously in a full and uninterrupted stream, until the udder was completely emptied. In exactly five minutes, between five and six quarts were thus drawn off. After the straws were withdrawn, the udder was collapsed and empty, and not a spoonful of milk could be obtained by the efforts of the hand. It is well known to anatomists, that the numerous milk tubes or canals are so formed as to communicate with each other, and all terminate in the extremity of the teat, and the milk is retained by a power similar to the contraction of a sphincter muscle. The straw, or any tube, being introduced removes the contraction mechanically, and allows the milk to flow freely. The discovery of this novel process was reserved for a simple rustic boy in the town of Middleborough.—*American Paper.*

MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE,

A SONG, ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO MR. THOMAS MOORE.

SET TO MUSIC EXPRESSLY FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.



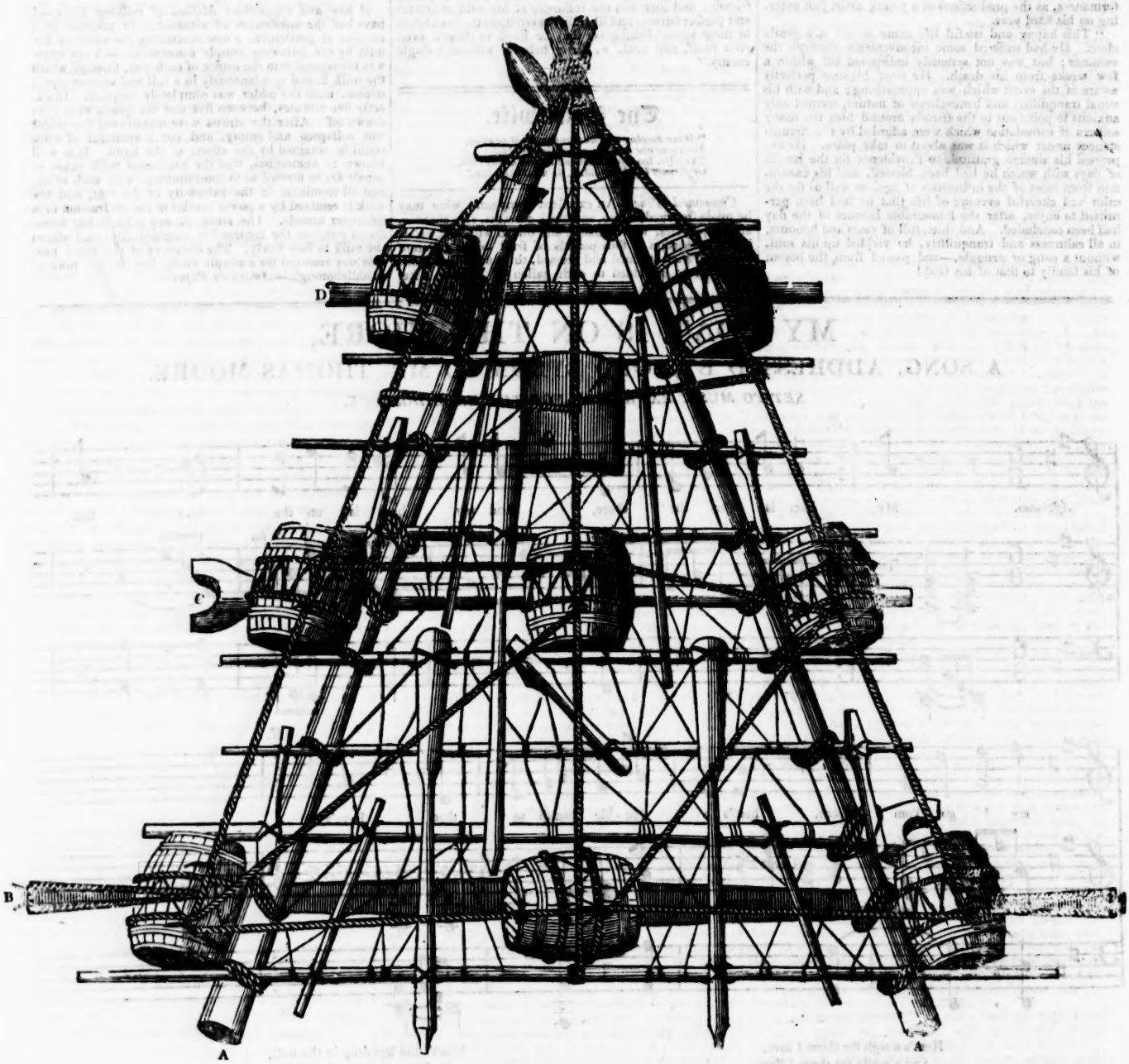
Here's a sigh for those I love,
And a smile for those I hate;
And, whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Tho' the ocean roar around me,
It still shall bear me on;
Tho' a desert should surround me,
There are springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

MR. EVANS'S RAFT FOR PRESERVING SHIPWRECKED PERSONS.



PRESERVATION FROM SHIPWRECK.

☞ The following article may be considered as a continuation to the series published in our 3rd volume, on the same important subject. The engraving, No. 1, now published, will be followed up by two others, referred to in the annexed letter. No. 2 will be published next week, and No. 3 the week following.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Having witnessed the melancholy catastrophe that occurred on the loss of the Alert packet, off this bay, in March, 1823, when it was supposed that about one hundred and fifty persons perished, on as calm a day and smooth water as was ever seen, I was strongly impressed with the idea that some useful plan might be digested and made known to ship-masters and their crews, to guide their proceedings under such circumstances, and prevent that terror and confusion consequent on such unfortunate occasions.

With this view I made an experiment in this harbour, by constructing three different sorts of rafts, limiting the means to those materials that are already in use on board of every vessel (except steam-packets, as hereafter mentioned:) those rafts, in a very imperfect state, fully answering my expectations; a sketch of each I hereby subjoin. On No. 1, forty men and myself crossed this harbour, No. 2, thirteen men, and No. 3, four men and myself.

Raft No. 1 is proposed for a steam-packet, and is constructed upon a scale of spars now on board of H. M. steam-packets on this station, and intended to be put together in the following manner, viz.—A A are the masts cut down close to the deck, forty feet long; B, the square-sail-yard, forty-two feet long, first placing the latter spar, B, across the quarter-rails, *upon which* the two lower ends of the masts, A A, are to be lashed, twenty-four feet apart, with the other ends coming together and lashed across on the taffrail, which makes the triangular form and size of the raft. Near the centre, *under the masts*, lash the fore-gaft, C, twenty-four feet long, to which three butts are fastened. Near the outer end, a strong spar, D, eighteen feet long, should be also lashed *under the masts*, to which two butts are fastened; three other butts are lashed to the square-sail-yard, B. All the other spars being the main-gaft, and those already on board, (probably two or three of particular lengths must be provided for the purpose) are to be laid across *over the masts*, and lashed in the best manner. On those latter spars the bottom is to be made, by frapping lines in all directions to connect the raft together, as well as to prevent any opening that a person could drop through—(if a proper netting-bottom be already prepared for the purpose, it would be of great advantage,)—over which, lengthways with the masts, every thing about the deck will come of use, viz. boat spars, oars, handspikes, hatches, &c. &c. In proposing this sort of raft, eight butts (or more if convenient) should be always ready slinged on deck, with proper bungs to them, four each side the deck forward of the paddle-box, could not cause much inconvenience on board of a steam-packet; added to which, it will readily appear useful to attach every thing floaty, as cork fenders, buoys, &c. and if cork mattresses and cushions were used, it would greatly add to the buoyancy of a raft.

Being thus prepared with the necessary materials, and the mode they should be put together, with such ample assistance of men, preserving good order, and proper guidance, a complete raft might be made in half an hour, and easily launched overboard; during that time the boats can be hoisted out, and take on board females, children, &c. the boats given in charge of the mate; and it should be expected that no master would so disgrace himself, as not to be the last person to quit the raft.

I do not presume to state it as a new thing to construct rafts with spars and casks, but I am not aware of any plan where it is proposed to use them in the same manner. No. 1 will float above water sixty persons, and sixty more if required might cling to it until assistance arrive, which would probably not be long in the track of a steam-packet: —(to prove how little will support a person's head above water, I beg to mention that two men who sunk with the Alert, got hold of a crate of eggs, which supported them until the return of the boat from the shore)—it affords space and buoyancy, a good bearing in the water, and will not readily capsize, particularly with the pointed end to the sea. The butts are down to their full bearing before the bottom of the raft is in the water. The life lines are bent to a spar over the bung of the casks, and passed along in the best manner for the security of those using it, that while a person has any strength remaining, he has the means of holding fast to prevent being washed off. Also in approaching a lee-shore and shoal water, a raft of this description would be preferable to a boat, as the former would probably get within the reach of assistance, but in many instances boats, when near the ground, have swamped, and all on board perished.

No. 2 is a copy of a raft made with the materials found on the quarter-deck of a brig of about 200 tons, and constructed with the boom, gaft, studdingsail-booms, &c. with four butts, and put together as already described.

No. 3 was made with the readiest means found on board of a small sloop, viz. boom, gaft, and other small spars, with only two water-casks.

As connected with this subject, I also mention that I have always had the S. Stack gig-boat fitted out with small kegs for water ballast. Two ring-bolts, one forward and the other aft, are fastened to the keel with a good rope span extended from one bolt to the other. The casks being well slung and bunged, are secured below to the span at the bottom, and above to the thwarts; there are also two boat pumps, with which the kegs are emptied in a few minutes, and the boat become a complete life-boat. The experiment was made years ago, and lately in this harbour, when the boat full of water proved sufficiently buoyant with four men and myself. In cases of great emergency, when boats have to pass through high cross seas, this method might be found useful and simple.

In submitting these suggestions I can only propose them as the outlines of what may be done, and leaving it to every experienced mariner to improve and adopt his own plans; at the same time I reckon every thing of this description in some measure useful, as tending to prepare and lead the minds of seamen, when in distress, to make use of the means within their reach.

H. W. EVANS, Agent to the Trinity House, and Harbour-master.

Holyhead, July, 1824.

Advertisements.

Just published, price One Shilling,

A TRIBUTE to the MEMORY of LORD BYRON.

"All earth shall be his monument."—*Lord Byron.*

London: printed for Effingham Wilson, and to be had of all Booksellers.

HODGSON'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

Just published, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 24s. in boards,

LETTERS from NORTH AMERICA, written during a Tour in the United States and Canada.

By ADAM HODGSON.

London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

Sold by W. Grapel and the other Booksellers, Liverpool.

NEW MUSIC, AT HALF PRICE.

WILLMER and Co. 25, LORD-STREET (opposite W. and T. GREGSON'S Tea Warehouse) have on sale upwards of 5000 Pieces of the most celebrated Vocal and Instrumental MUSIC, which they are selling at HALF the published prices. Best Music Paper 3s. per quire.

Printing and Bookbinding neatly executed

A large Assortment of Stationery, Bibles, Prayers, School books, and other publications on Sale.

MUSIC-HALL, BOLD-STREET.—The EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES of MAGICAL ILLUSIONS, with the grand Feat of the NE PLUS ULTRA, will be repeated this Evening (Monday) the 2d instant.

MONSR. BARNET

begs leave most respectfully to inform the Public of Liverpool, that he will have the honour of repeating them every Evening this Week, being positively the LAST WEEK; and to afford every Person an opportunity of witnessing his Admired Performances, he has REDUCED THE PRICES. BODY OF THE HALL, 2s.—GALLERY, 1s.—Upon which occasions he will repeat all his most PROMINENT ILLUSIONS.

Doors open at Half-past Seven, and commence at Half-past Eight.—Tickets to be had at the Printers, of Mr. WILLAN, Bold-street, and of MONS. BARNET, No. 20, Basnett-street.

THEATRE DU PETIT LAZARY DE PARIS, DE MESSRS. MAFFEY.—THIS PRESENT MONDAY EVENING, August 2, and every subsequent evening of the week, Saturday excepted, will be represented the admired dramatic Piece of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, embellished with Metamorphoses, Combats, Marches, &c. &c. On Monday and Tuesday Evenings, for the first time, the splendid maritime and picturesque view of the CITY of CONSTANTINOPLE. This animated picture will present the principal monuments of this magnificent city, viz. the Seraglio, the Church of St. Sophia, the Fort of the Seven Towers, the Arsenal, &c.; and on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings, the charming maritime view of the PORT and CITY of CORFU. This view will be animated by a variety of shipping, &c. and every figure and other objects analogous to the customs of the country; with many other entertainments, particulars of which in the hand-bills.

Doors to be opened at half-past Seven, and the performance to commence at half-past Eight precisely.

Scientific Notices.

TESSELATED PAVEMENT AT CIRENCESTER.

Lately, as some workmen were employed in removing a mulberry-tree, near Barton-mill, at a short distance from one of the entrances to Oakley-park, the seat of the Earl of Bathurst, they discovered some tesselated pavement; and, pursuing their search, by the direction of his Lordship, who immediately ordered a tent to be erected over the spot, to protect the pavement from the effects of the weather, it was ascertained that the curious remains must have been the floor of an apartment. The subject is presumed to relate to Orpheus, as the centre figure is seen with one hand resting on a musical instrument, and surrounded, as the classic legends describe the great master of song, by the quadruped and biped auditors, the fierceness of whose savage natures had been subdued into gentleness by the magic charm of his melody. Amongst other objects are distinctly seen a lion, a panther, a peacock, a peahen, and various beasts and birds, the greater part of which are in excellent preservation, and the colours vividly bright. The whole of this tesserw yet developed, occupies a space of twelve feet square. Already has this vestige of Roman antiquity attracted a vast concourse.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

Antiquities.—A cave was lately discovered in a rocky hill, near Killin, by following a fox which had entered it as a refuge. It is said to be contained in a precipice of primitive limestone. The opening is small, but the interior is said to contain chambers, in number, equal to those of an inn. It has no appearance of being an artificial excavation, and is said to be distressingly cold and very dark. The existence of such a cave had been traditionally talked of, as having been the resort of a famous freebooter, who was betrayed by a paramour, to whom Duncan Dhu offered, as a reward, as much gold as she could contain in her two hands. The gold, however, having been delivered in a melted state, the recompense proved perfectly suitable to the service.

A New Mineral resembling gold, and containing certain particles of it, has been lately discovered in Corsica; vases have been made of it, which for colour and beauty may vie with vermilion: it has taken the name of *Causicorum.*

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME IV.

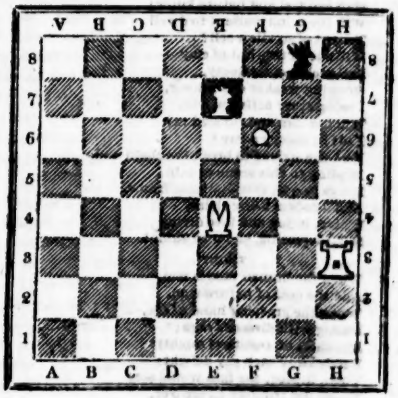
White.	*Black.*
Castle.... F—4	King.... E—8
King..... D—6	King.... D—8
Castle.... F—8 ✝ CHECKMATE.	

CONDITIONAL GAME.

[NO. V.]

The white undertakes to give Checkmate in five moves with the Pawn, without moving the Bishop.

Black.



WHITE.

Poetry.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN VIGINTI AND NONAGINTA.

" Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo Cœpere."—Virgil.

VIGINTI.

Who art thou with wrinkled face,
Shivering limbs and sluggish pace,
Hoary hair as white as snow
Thinly scattered o'er thy brow,
Shading many a furrow there,
Evidence of age and care?
Scarcely can thy feet sustain
Feeble limbs that move in pain;
Scarcely can thy trembling hand,
Guidance of thy crutch command;
Weak thine arm and dim thy sight,
Long thy day has turned to night,
Night of sorrow, too, and pain,
Attendants sure in Age's train.
Oft I see thee heave a sigh,
As the tear bursts from thine eye;
And thy hand, with action weak,
Strives to dash it from thy cheek.
Man of woe! I pity thee,
And bewail thy misery.

NONAGINTA.

Drop not thou a tear for me,
I will rather weep for thee;
Thou hast yet the path to tread,
On by hope delusive led.
She awhile may gild the skies;
Sorrow's storms shall soon arise;
I have crossed this vale of tears,
And my resting-place appears:
Where no seeming joys deceive,
Where no fickle pleasures grieve,
Where the mourner's surely blessed,
And the " weary are at rest."

VIGINTI.

Hast thou then no tears to shed
At the thoughts of what has fled?
Canst thou leave this smiling earth,
Scene of joy and cheerful mirth,
For the dull and dreary gloom
Of the dark and chilling tomb?
Canst thou, with unmoistened eye,
See the hand of death so nigh,
Mark his progress with a prayer,
Meet his grasp without a fear?

NONAGINTA.

Look upon this ghastly face,
Seat no more of pleasing grace;
Mark this worn and withered form,
Wasting in misfortune's storm,
Racked by every keenest woe
Man can feel and nature know;
Will the mind consent to dwell
Tenant of so vile a cell?
Will she in this hut of clay
Feel each faculty decay,
Growing weaker every hour,
Losing every active power,
'Till her dim and clouded ray
Fade in idiotcy away?
No! she strives to break the chain
Binding to this scene of pain;
Longs to quit this shattered frame,
And a nobler being claim,
Where, in joy and love divine
Still increasing, she may shine!

VIGINTI.

When the human race is run,
And the goal of nature won,
When the grasping hand of age,
Pining with disease's rage;
(Brothers of resistless might)
Rends away each gay delight;
Then, indeed, she fain would soar
Where her troubles all are o'er,
Seeking in another sphere
What she is bereft of here.
Were she in her early prime,
Free from care, unstained by crime,
Viewing all beneath the sky
With a dazzled youthful eye;
Seeing all the prospect glow,
Clouded by no shade of woe;
Were she summoned to depart,
Would she not with horror start?
Call on every power to save
From the dark and yawning grave,
Swallowing in its wide abyss
All our hopes of mortal bliss.

NONAGINTA.

Talkest thou of earthly joy,
Vain and much deluded boy?
Hear me tell what youth has sought,—
Hear me tell what age has brought.
Once this hair, so hoary now,
Darkly clustered o'er my brow,
Where no wrinkle yet was traced,
And its smoothness undefaced;
Once this dull and darkened eye
Saw but health and vigour nigh,
Sparkled with the ray of mind,
And the light of youth combined;
Then on life's gay verge I stood,
And I said that "all was good;"
For I saw that pleasure's hue
Brightened all within my view.
So we gaze upon the sea,
Slumbering in serenity,
When it's curling summit bright
Ripples in the sun-beam's light,
And a rich empurpled dye
Shot athwart the western sky,
Falls upon some vessel's side,
Slowly moving in her pride;
Little think we that the storm
Soon its calmness shall deform,
Tempests rage, and billows roar,
Roughly dashing on the shore;
All the war of winds arise,
Whirlwinds gathering thro' the skies;
'Till that gay and gallant bark
Founder in the ocean dark.
Strong in hope and rash in youth
Little thought I of the truth,
Blindly entered on my way,
Dazzled by gay Fancy's play.
First Ambition fix'd my aim,
Grasping at the meed of fame;
Soon I found, as well I might
Try to seize the rainbow bright,
Tempting to the cheated eye,
Ever flying, never nigh.
Then I knelt at Wisdom's shrine,
Seeking gems in Learning's mine;
Severed from the throng of men
Turned the page, and plied the pen,
Toiled until my body pined
At the restless search of mind;
When I found, that here below,
There is but one truth we know;
(Man by ignorance still beguiled,
Always must be error's child,)
Then the task I fiercely spurned,
And awhile inactive mourned
O'er my pleasing vision fled,
And the thoughts of knowledge dead;
Still within the spark did glow,
So with yet unfurrowed brow,
I the flag of Hope unfurled,
And again essayed the world.
Giddy was the course I ran,
Tasting all the joys of man,
Wasting not an hour in thought,
At each passing prize I caught;
Heedless of another's grief,
Sought I pleasures vain and brief;
And to banish every care,
Shut my ear to reason's prayer.
Thus I strove to make my hours
Quickly glide o'er paths of flowers,
Soon my youth and vigour failed;
Pain attack'd and age assail'd;
Friends I never yet had known,
So I stood unhelped, alone,
Fore'd in anguish to confess,
Worldly pleasures cannot bless.
Next with sad and blighted heart
Keen I play'd the miser's part,
And, my mind with avarice sold,
Bent before the idol, Gold,
Trembled, watched, and laboured still
Overflowing chests to fill,
Heedless of the terrors dread,
Age suspended o'er my head,
Which at last has aimed its blow
And has crushed its victim low.
So have I my circuit run,
So must all beneath the sun;
All are fated to endure
Seeming joys and sorrow sure;
All oppressed by woeful fate
Shall this dismal tale relate;
Let it thy compassion claim,
Men shall hear thee tell the same. BION.

The Liver.

We have in store some most interesting notices of our native town and its vicinity, which we intend to introduce occasionally, under the head Liver. We cannot commence more appropriately than with the following article:

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIVERPOOL.

1347—In the year 1347, when the whole naval power of England was assembled before Calais *one vessel* only was from Ireland, *and one from the River Mersey*, London 25, Bristol 24, Hull 16, all England 811; of which Great Yarmouth furnished 421 ships and 905 men.

1566—About the year 1566, a Mr. Sekerston was chosen a member for the Borough of Liverpool, and was allowed two shillings per day for his service; he it was who advised to petition Queen Elizabeth to remit the taxes and subsidies which were then levied, which she did, as the town was then at its lowest ebb.

1636.—King Charles's illegal exaction of Ship money, Liverpool was rated £25, Chester, £26, Bristol £1000.

1656—Pool-lane, called Liverpool-lane, leading to Park-lane.

1663—Ordered, " That no more Boats be built in Frog-lane," now Whitechapel.

1680—A ferry-boat used for passengers at the bottom of Lord-street, and Sir Thomas's-buildings, and a bridge at the bottom of Pool-lane and School-lane.

1690—King William III. attended by Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Oxford, Portland, Scarborough, Manchester, &c. left London the 4th June, visited Liverpool on the 11th, embarked his army, then encamped on Wallasea Leasowes, and on the 14th arrived at Carrickfurgess in Ireland, previous to the battle of the Boyne.

1699—Liverpool made a distinct parish from Walton for ever.

1700—The two Rectors for the parish first appointed.

———Old Dock made, the Ship Mulberry the first vessel that entered it, 8th June.

———The Rev. Robert Styth appointed the first Rector, died in 1715.

———The Rev. William Atherton appointed Rector, died in 1708.

1704—The Parish Church of St. Peter consecrated.

1721—A very high tide, the congregation of St. Peter's obliged to be taken from the church in boats.

1745—The first Regiment of Royal Liverpool Blues raised 648 men, expense £4859; the Corporation subscribed £2000, the remainder raised by subscription.

1770—In 1770 the then Collector, John Colquitt, Esq. said " How happy shall I be, when the Customs of Liverpool amount to 100,000 per annum," they were at that time, betwixt £80,000 and £90,000 per annum.

1822, Gross amount of the Customs of Liverpool,		£1,808,402 13 6
1822, Ditto,	Ditto,	1,591,123 15 4
	Increase,	£217,278 18 2

1784—In 1784 an American vessel imported 8 bags of cotton into Liverpool, which were seized by one of his Majesty's Officers of the Customs, as supposing they were not of the growth of America: in 1823 there were imported into Liverpool from the United States of America 409,670 bags of cotton.

1793—In May, 1793 died Mrs. Ann Coore, 86 years old, who, when a very young girl, remembered the bottom part of King-street (then called the Common Shore, now Paradise-street) a corn field.

1794—Before the year 1794, Bristol always took the lead as the second port in this Kingdom, the next to London: in 1794 Mr. Pitt's Bill for manning the Navy, provided that each port should provide so many men, according to the quantity of Foreign tonnage for the year 1793. Bristol provided 666, Liverpool provided 1711, which she raised in 6 weeks, and offered to procure 500 men more, if the embargo would be taken off her port, which offer was refused.

	Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
1618—Liverpool had	24	462	76
1823—	9507	1,010,819 average of each vessel 117 tons.	

The Phœnix.

A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected (which, my former Notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful Friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice.

THE AUTHOR THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

[*Continued from our last.*]

28.—AN EBBING AND FLOWING CASTLE-CLOCK.

To set a clock in a castle, the water filling the trenches about it; it shall show, by ebbing and flowing, the hours, minutes, and seconds, and all the comprehensible motions of the heavens, and the counterlibration of the earth, according to Copernicus.

24.—A STRENGTH-INCREASING SPRING.

How to increase the strength of a spring to such a height, as to shoot bumbasses and bullets of an hundred pound weight a steeple height, and a quarter of a mile off and more, stone-bowwise, admirable for fire-works and astonishing of besieged cities, when without warning given by noise they find themselves so forcibly and dangerously surprised.

25.—A DOUBLE-DRAWING ENGINE FOR WEIGHTS.

How to make a weight that cannot take up an hundred pound, and yet shall take up two hundred pound, and at the self-same distance from the centre; and so proportionably to millions of pounds.

26.—A TO AND FRO LEVER.

To raise weight as well and as forcibly with the drawing back of the lever as with the thrusting it forwards; and by that means to lose no time in motion or strength. This I saw in the arcenal at Venice.

27.—A MOST EASY LEVEL DRAUGHT.

A way to remove to and fro huge weights with a most inconsiderable strength from place to place. For example, ten ton, with ten pounds, and less; the said ten pounds not to fall lower then it makes the ten ton to advance or retreat upon a level.

28.—A PORTABLE BRIDGE.

A bridge portable in a cart with six horses, which in a few hours time may be placed over a river half a mile broad, whereon, with much expedition, may be transported horse, foot, and cannon.

29.—A MOVEABLE FORTIFICATION.

A portable fortification, able to contain five hundred fighting men, and yet in six hours time may be set up; and made cannon-proof, upon the side of a river or pass, with cannon mounted upon it, and as complete as a regular fortification, with half-moons and counter scarps.

30.—A RISING BULWARK.

A way in one nights time to raise a bulwark twenty or thirty foot high, cannon-proof, and cannon mounted upon it, with men to overlook, command, and batter a town; for though it contain but four pieces, they shall be able to discharge two hundred bullets each hour.

31.—AN APPROACHING BLIND.

A way how safely and speedily to make an approach to a castle or town-wall, and over the very ditch at noon day.

32.—AN UNIVERSAL CHARACTER.

How to compose an universal character, methodical and easy to be written, yet intelligible in any language; so that if an Englishman write it in English, a Frenchman, Italian, Spaniard, Irish, Welsh, being scholars; yea Grecian or Hebrean shall as perfectly understand it in their own tongue, as if they were perfect English, distinguishing the verbs from nouns, the numbers, tenses, and cases as properly expressed in their own language as it was written in English.

33.—A NEEDLE ALPHABET.

To write with a needle and thread, white, or any colour upon white, or any other colour, so that one stitch shall significantly shew any letter, and as readily and as easily shew the one letter as the other, and fit for any language.

34.—A KNOTTED STRING-ALPHABET.

To write by a knotted silk string, so that every knot shall signify any letter with comma, full point, or interrogation, and as legible as with pen and ink upon white paper.

35.—A FRINGE ALPHABET.

The like by the fringe of gloves.

36.—A BRACELET ALPHABET.

By stringing of bracelets.

37.—A PINCK'D GLOVE ALPHABET.

By pinck'd gloves.

38.—A SIEVE ALPHABET.

By holes in the bottom of a sieve.

39.—A LANTHORN ALPHABET.

By a lattin or plate lanthorn.

40.—AN ALPHABET BY THE SMELL.

By the smell.

41.—BY THE TASTE.

By the taste.

42.—BY THE TOUCH.

By the touch.

By these three senses as perfectly, distinctly, and unconfusedly, yea as readily as by the sight.

43.—A VARIATION OF ALL AND EACH OF THESE.

How to vary each of these, so that ten thousand may know them and yet keep the understanding part from any but their correspondent.

[*To be continued.*]

Cbit Chat.

The following curious specimens of orthography are furnished by a correspondent. The first is posted on the door of an empty cottage at Pigs Lee, the second is exhibited in a window at Moorside, and the third is seen in Bolton-street, all in Bury:—

To Leet If you wish To No Anè Ferdr in teleganse you most Im Ply to James Lees of Bure Standle Street.

Traikel bear Sould Hear.

Split banes gud whots un proim fitches.

The following lately appeared as an advertisement in the *Wexford Herald*:—

"CAUTION.—I caution the public in general not to give credit to Eliza Field, on my Account, as she has already destroyed my character and Credit—put me to goal, and publicly *denies me to be her husband*, and goes by her former name, *Eliza Elmes*, widow, and bonnet maker, in Waterford, now in Wexford.—Therefore I am determined not to pay any debts she may *formerly* have contracted, or any debts she *now has* or *will* contract.

"E. FIELD."

Short Commons.—At a shop window in the Strand, there appears the following notice:—"Wanted, *two* apprentices, who shall be treated as *one* of the family."

The following is from a late Boston newspaper:—"Wanted, at this office, *two Devils*, of *good moral character*."

Correspondence.

OF THOROUGHFARES OVER PRIVATE PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In consequence of some attempts lately made in this neighbourhood, to deprive the public of the benefit of some of those convenient footpaths, which have been enjoyed by his Majesty's liege subjects "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it is my intention to trouble you with a few observations on the law of the case.

In the *Mercury* a week or two ago, some extracts were given from Jacob's Law Dictionary, which, I suppose, were *intended* to bear upon the subject, but which, with one exception, are wholly inapplicable. One of them, also, is a garbled extract, and should have been as follows: "If passengers have used, time out of mind, when the roads are bad, to go by outlets on the land adjoining to a *highway*, in an open field, such outlets are parcel of the highway, and, therefore, if they are sown with corn, and the tract founderous, the King's subjects may go upon the corn." Now this is a case of extreme and absolute necessity, and of an obstruction, occurring on the King's *highway*, and does not at all apply to those roads which have been made over the private property of individuals, for the sake of convenience, and the saving of time and distance. If the King's highway is, from any cause, rendered impassable, it is for the general good that people should be privileged to pass in another line, but I apprehend the same principle will not, in all cases, extend to private ways, which are not ways of *necessity* but of convenience: and in order to convince you that I have some just grounds for doubting upon this point, I will give you another quotation from the before-mentioned author. "If one grants a way, and afterwards digs trenches in it, to my hindrance, I may fill them up again. But if a way which a man has becomes not passable, or becomes very bad, by the owner of the land tearing it up with his carts, so that the same be filled with water, yet he who has the way, cannot dig the ground to let out the water, for he has no interest in the soil. But in such a case he may bring his action against the owner of the land, for spoiling the way, or *perhaps*, (mark the expression), he may go out of the way, upon the land of the wrong doer, as near to the bad way as he can. Where a private way is spoiled by those who have a right to pass thereon, and not through the default of the owner of the land, it seems that they who have the use and benefit of the way, ought to repair it, and not the owner of the soil, unless he is bound thereto, by custom or special agreement."

The discussion of this question first arose on an attempt being made to stop up a road over private property, in the vicinity of this place; and to this point I shall confine myself.

"A man may have a way, either by prescription, custom, usage, or grant;" and, as far as I am able to collect, it appears certain, that, where a foot path has been used, time out of mind, it cannot be stopped up; but it is another question (quite distinct from that of a public highway) whether, in case of a private way becoming, from floods or any other cause, impassable, the public can justify beating out another for their temporary convenience; for it is not a good justification in trespass that the defendant has a specific right of way over the plaintiff's land, and that he had gone upon the adjoining land, because the way was impassable, by being overflowed by a river. Taylor *v.* Whitehead, Doug. 746, 4 Ma. and Sell 387. It however appears quite clear, that "if there be a common foot way, through a close, by prescription, and the owner of the close ploughs up the way, and sows it, and lays thorns at the side of it, passengers may go over another footway, in the same close, without being trespassers;" for here is, at once, a complete appropriation of property, to a private purpose, in and to which the public had gained, and enjoyed a prescriptive right. Upon this principle, therefore, I take it, that a road, so left open to, and made use of by, the public; for a considerable length of time, without any act done by the owner of the soil, to denote its being a mere road on sufferance, and liable to be closed up whenever he might think proper to do so, becomes a right of road, absolutely and irrevocably vested in the public for ever. This Question is one of general importance, and one upon which I should much wish to have the views of some of your legal correspondents.

In conclusion, it may be well to avail myself of the opportunity the subject affords, to caution all those, who are in the habit of frequenting the roads in question, to confine themselves *strictly within the limits assigned them*, and not, as is too often the case, wantonly abuse and injure the adjoining property, and the crops growing thereon. They should recollect, that they are in the enjoyment of a very great convenience, which without a due regard to that golden rule of "doing unto others, as we would they should do unto us," may prove very detrimental to the interest of the land owner, and the welfare of the industrious husbandman,

Liverpool. W.

Gymnastic.

NO. V.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The feat selected for this week might be explained without a figure it is so simple. Standing on the left foot, take hold of your right foot with your left hand, then take hold of your right ear with your right hand, and in this position, stooping down forwards, raise the hat from the floor, holding the rim with your teeth, and swinging back the head, throw the hat over your shoulder. The latter part of the trick may be omitted, unless an old cast-off hat be at hand. Yours, &c. ☞

The Drama.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

THE THEATRE.

"Vespatian, being daub'd with dirt,
Was destin'd to the empire for't;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome."

It is really marvellous how much "*the theatre-royal, Covent-garden*," or "*the theatre-royal, Drury-lane*," adds to the stature of those ladies and gentlemen of whose nomenclature it forms so important a finish. Nor is it less astonishing, that gentlemen who were wont to be Mr. Such-an-one, and ladies who once made their entrances and their exits on our boards as unobserved by the audience as does Mrs. Radcliffe, should, in the short interval of a few months, be metamorphosed into personages of such momentous note, that the extreme breadth of a play-bill, six inches wide, can scarcely contain their most puissant names; especially if the surname happen to be preceded by two or three baptismal initials. Thus, ere long, we presume, the town may anticipate being edified by a "respectful" intimation from the managers "that Mr. MERCER, from the theatre-royal, Drury-lane, and Mrs. MORETON," from some other theatre-royal, perhaps, "are engaged for a LIMITED PERIOD; and will have the honour of making their first appearance this season," on such an occasion; "when will be performed"—ROB ROY, for instance. "The *part* of CAPTAIN THORNTON by Mr. MERCER: the *part* of" something else "by Mrs. MORETON;" the other actors, Rob himself included, being, of course, personages of *no parts at all*. Judging, however, from the result of recent occurrences, one would conceive such an experiment on the public gullibility by no means likely; though after seeing, as we did last year, MACBETH announced for representation, with "*the part of* HECATE *by* Mr. TAYLOR," few things of this kind are calculated to surprise us. Indeed, seeing what we see, and knowing that we do know, it would not greatly amaze us to be told that we had *star* scene-shifters, a *star* prompter, and *star every* thing; with *star managers* into the bargain.

The celestial galaxy, however, illume not overmuch the murky lowering peculiar to our northern hemisphere, neither does the orbit of their evolution here, profit very considerably by their irradiating influence; for though we have, at the present moment, a kind of theatrical milky-way, an indifferently good house is seldom seen. What soulless dolts the people of Liverpool must be. What! insensible alike to the irresistible attractions of Mr. Connor, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Browne, Miss Kelly, and Miss M. Hammersley! All from the metropolitan theatres royal, each a very comet in our planetary system, and yet only a select few are found capable of appreciating their untold merits. Then we have had, besides, *The Mountaineers, Belle's Stratagem, The Rivals, Twelfth Night*, together with *Man and Wife*,—and all in vain; verily there must be something wrong somewhere. There must be reason good and cogent for people's staying at home; for that they do so, and from motives altogether beyond our divination,

"'Tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

This week, doubtless, things will be very different. We have a Lilliput Shylock announced, and shall probably be entertained also with Richard in swaddling clothes. Belike, too, Falstaff, emerging from his cradle, awaits our admiration; the pretty little baby, Sir John, will surely take prodigiously, being in reality an "INFANT PRODIGY." Miss Clara Fisher is forthcoming, and in her portentous train all that's wond'rous in this world of wonderment! Open wide your gaping mouths, ye pretty masters of the gallery, for an antidote to your late narcotic is prepared. "THE INFANT PRODIGY" is at hand: she at whose birth

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the public streets.
—and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
—at her nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at her birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward."

We were much pleased to see Mr. Browne so warmly welcomed amongst us again. He is an old favourite of ours, and of the public; and may be assured, will be remembered in Liverpool with pleasure, so long as there remains on the stage, fops and melo-dramatic villany. He is now of the theatre-royal, Drury-lane; we hope, profitably; and we would be well-pleased could we congratulate him on having bid adieu to those vices which, with ourselves, have always greatly marred the beauty of his acting. His visit to London, however, appears rather to have confirmed him in the practice of them. We allude, more particularly, to this gentleman's very reprehensible habit of substituting his own puerile embellishments for the sparkling gems of his author's dialogue. Mr. Browne must really pardon our want of taste in prefering the text of Sheridan and others; a misfortune, we conjecture, of which most other frequenters of the theatre participate. We do not mean even to insinuate, much less absolutely aver, that Mr. Browne's wit is inferior to Sheridan's, but that the latter is *more* to *our* liking; though it is possible, certainly, we are singular in this respect.

"Ad ogni uccello, suo nido e bello."

It is said Miss Hammersley hath improved, considerably, by her excursion to Covent-garden. We dare say she has; but certainly know not in what it is that such amendment be visible, whether in her person, acting, or her singing. There was not, perhaps, any opportunity for melioration; all may have been previously in a state of perfectibility. Well, be it so; we shall not gainsay even this hypothesis. We do say, nevertheless, that she is much the same, in every way, as when last here, having nor advanced nor retrograded. This is *our* opinion: there are who think otherwise; and they may be right. Of this lady Miss Cramer has decidedly the advantage in articulation, as well syllabic as musical. The comparison holds equally in her favour, when viewed with reference to the natural unaffected ease of tone and manner which characterize her songs, but yields as unequivocally to Miss Hammersley's force and volume of voice, and highly wrought execution. There were great beauties, with some imperfections, in Miss Cramer's "Tyrant I come," strikingly evincing what she could, and what she could not accomplish; while the songs assigned to Zelinda, in *The Slave*, were given by Miss Hammersley with a laboured vigour quite as inappropriate as Miss Cramer's lack of it was glaring. Miss Hammersley's is the dignified spirit of harmony, pealing upon the ear in strains of high commanding melody, lofty scorn, ennobling pathos, or the proud impassioned moan of suffering greatness. Miss Cramer's warbling is the exact reverse; equally skilful, less artificial, and of more gentle qualities: plaintively touching, occasionally swelling out in soft sorrowing sweetness, and sometimes breathing forth the sad eloquent euphony of despair and woe, enriched with a display of well-cultivated musical attainments. Miss Hammersley is the declaimer of song; Miss Cramer the pourtrayer of deeply-subdued feeling, very susceptible, and of most exquisite texture.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

August 2.

The Sofa.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

"In order to employ one part of this life in serious and important occupations, it is necessary to spend another in mere amusements." JOHN LOCKE.

"There is a time to laugh and a time to weep."—SOLOMON.

We last week inserted eleven different modes of giving change for a guinea in twenty-one pieces, of the coin of the realm, without using any silver. We have been not a little surprised at a note subsequently received from a correspondent, who signs *Pennywise*, containing no fewer than forty modes of accomplishing the problem. In fact, there seems to be no end to ringing the *changes*.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN, IN TWENTY PIECES, WITHOUT EMPLOYING SILVER.

TO THE EDITOR,—Permit me to submit the following solution of *Alexis's* problem of "change for a sovereign:"

1.—Two seven-shilling pieces, eighteen groats...20.
2.—One half-sovereign, one seven-shilling piece, six groats, twelve-pence...20.
3.—One half-sovereign, one seven-shilling piece, eighteen two-penny pieces...20.

Perhaps it may be objected, that groats are not current.

ZINGA.

Our readers will perceive by the advertisements that they will still have the opportunity for a short time longer to witness the clever and entertaining performances of Messrs. Maffey, and of Monsieur Barnet.—*See adv.*

To Correspondents.

L'HERMITE EN ITALIE.—We have, for one week, suspended our prepared chapter from this work, in order to allow the requisite space for Lord Byron's song to his friend Moore, Mr. Jeffrey's admirable speech on the late Mr. Watt, and the large engraving of a newly-projected raft, for preservation from shipwreck.

The BALL-ROOM, by *M. M.* shall appear.

Rusino's letter shall have an early place.

MR. HAMILTON'S SYSTEM.—The letter of *Titus* contains no argument, and we cannot spare our columns for mere irony.

Timothy Thoughtful's very singular reverie shall be published for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

The PRIZE POEM recommended by *L. W.* shall be procured from some quarter. The name of the writer is a sufficient letter of recommendation.

We have just received, but not yet perused, *Cautious—Mossman—G. W.*

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.—A correspondent wishes us to give insertion to the following doggrels:

TO THE SOI-DISANT COUNCIL OF TEN.

Ye surly *Decemviri*, truce with your sneers,
Your partial critiques, and your ill-natur'd jeers;
Ye lavish your praise so profusely on one,
That the rest of the corps dramatique can have none:
Act fairly, or down from your critical pulpit,
Your conceit is so palpable, people can't gulp it;
Then attend to my *counsel*, ye *Council* of Ten,
Don't pester the town with your *counsel* again.

Owing to the temporary absence of the editor on Friday and part of Saturday, the preconcerted arrangements of this week's publication have been somewhat disturbed. We have to regret the postponement for one week, of some lines of our excellent correspondent *G.* also of *Leigh Waldegrave*,—a letter of our *Old Correspondent* on Puffing—*Amateur's* character of a *Musician*; the description of the eruption of Mount Etna—the note of *Duryng*—of *R. L.*—*E.* and *B.*

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by E. SMITH and Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.

Sold also by J. Bywater and Co. Pool-lane; Evans, Chegwin and Hall, Castle-st.; T. Smith, Paradise-st.; T. Warbrick, Public Library, Lime-street; R. Willan, Bold-street; M. Smith, Tea-dealer and Stationer, Richmond-row; M. Walker, Milliner, Tea-dealer, and Stationer, 47, Mount Pleasant; B. Gamage, 11, Clarence-street; and J. Lowthian, Library, 3, Great George-place; *for ready money only.*